

Vol. 2 No. 15
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TREASURE CHEST





WEB COMIC
UNIVERSE.COM



IF YOU UNSCRAMBLE EACH GROUP OF LETTERS CORRECTLY, YOU WILL SPELL THE NAMES OF THIS CAT'S FIVE FAVORITE FISH.



A SIMPLE DRAWING LESSON:

FIRST DRAW THIS →

THEN ADD THESE FEW LINES →

AND THE FINISHING TOUCHES →



A JUNIOR CROSS-WORD PUZZLE ACROSS:

2, OBSERVE; 4, GROUND CORN ETC.; 5, NOAH'S SHIP.

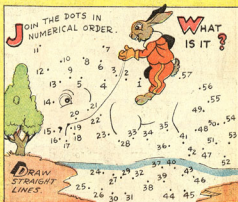


DOWN:

1, IT BEATS; 2, THE OCEAN; 3, A LARGE DEER.

JOIN THE DOTS IN NUMERICAL ORDER.

WHAT IS IT?



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COACH BOB BLAKE

BASEBALL

AND HOW TO PLAY IT

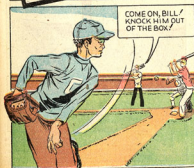
**TIPS
ON PLAYING
FIRST BASE**

COACH BLAKE'S TEAM, THE COLUMBUS BOYS' CLUB, IS AHEAD IN THE NINTH INNING, TWO TO ONE. LEFTY PREPARES TO PITCH TO A BATTER ON THE OPPOSING TEAM.

F. J. EVERS

COME ON, BILL!
KNOCK HIM OUT
OF THE BOX!

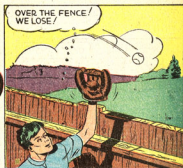
JIMINY!
RIGHT TO THE
SHORTSTOP!



TREASURE CHEST



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A "GOPHER" BALL IS BASEBALL JARGON FOR A HOME RUN BALL.

WHAT'S THE MATTER, LEFTY? YOU HAVEN'T TAKEN YOUR SHOWER.

AW/I SURE HATED TO LOSE THAT GAME, COACH!

IT WASN'T YOUR FAULT, ANYWAY, LEFTY. GO AND TAKE YOUR SHOWER.

WHITEY TOLD ME THAT, TOO. IF THE SHORTSTOP HADN'T FUMBLE THE BALL, I WOULDN'T HAVE HAD TO PITCH TO THE LAST MAN UP.

TELL WHITEY TO COME INTO MY OFFICE WHEN HE'S THROUGH WITH HIS SHOWER.

OKAY, COACH!

WHITEY! THE COACH WANTS TO SEE YOU IN HIS OFFICE WHEN YOU'VE FINISHED.

RIGHT, LEFTY

LATER, IN THE COACH'S OFFICE

...AND THE FUMBLE MADE THE THROW GET TO ME LATE.

IS THAT THE WAY YOU FIGURE IT? WHAT WOULD YOU SAY IF I TOLD YOU THAT YOU WERE PARTLY RESPONSIBLE FOR THE LOSS?

I WAS RESPONSIBLE? I WAS? I DIDN'T MAKE AN ERROR IN THE WHOLE GAME!

LET'S SAY YOU DIDN'T MAKE A MECHANICAL ERROR, BUT A MENTAL ERROR.

IF YOU'LL COME TO THE FIELD TOMORROW MORNING, I'LL GIVE YOU SOME POINTERS ABOUT PLAYING FIRST BASE.

THE FOLLOWING MORNING

THE FIRST THING TO PRACTICE IS FOOTWORK AROUND THE BAG SO YOU'LL BE ABLE TO HANDLE ANY SORT OF THROW.

FOOTWORK?
HOW DO YOU
MEAN, COACH?

COACH

C. WHEN THE THROW IS TO THE RIGHT SIDE...



RIGHT

LEFT



RIGHT

LEFT



③ IF THE THROW IS DIRECTLY TO YOU, REACH INTO THE INFIELD AS FAR AS POSSIBLE, TAGGING (IF YOU ARE RIGHTY) WITH YOUR RIGHT FOOT, OR (IF YOU ARE LEFTY) WITH YOUR LEFT FOOT.

④ IF A RUNNER MUST BE HELD CLOSE TO FIRST, TAKE THIS POSITION —

A. IF LEFT HANDED.



B. IF RIGHT HANDED.

IF THE PITCHER THROWS TO YOU, ALL YOU HAVE TO DO TO MAKE THE TAG IS TO DROP YOUR GLOVE TO THE GROUND IN FRONT OF THE BASE.



⑤ AS SOON AS THE PITCHER THROWS TO THE BATTER, JUMP AWAY FROM THE BASE AND TAKE TWO STEPS TOWARD SECOND. START WITH THE LEFT FOOT AND FACE THE BATTER.



THE FIRST THING TO DO, WHEN THE BALL IS HIT, IS TO GET TO THE BASE AS QUICKLY AS POSSIBLE. SPREAD YOUR FEET THE WIDTH OF THE BASE AND FACE THE MAN MAKING THE THROW.

①



② A. IF THE THROW IS TO YOUR RIGHT, SHIFT IN THAT DIRECTION WITH THE RIGHT FOOT, AND TAG THE BASE WITH THE TOE OF THE LEFT FOOT.

B. ON THROWS TO THE LEFT SIDE, SHIFT WITH THE LEFT FOOT AND TAG WITH THE RIGHT.

D. WHEN THE THROW IS TO THE LEFT SIDE...



STRETCH

SO YOU SEE, WHITEY, YOUR MISTAKE YESTERDAY WAS NOT STRETCHING TO MEET THE BALL. WHEN THE SHORT-STOP FUMBLER. BECAUSE OF THAT, THE RUNNER WAS SAFE.

I GUESS THERE'S MORE TO IT THAN JUST CATCHING A BALL. I WON'T FORGET WHAT YOU HAVE SHOWN ME, THANKS A LOT, COACH!

COACH

St. Patrick, Apostle of Ireland

- BY GEORGE F. FOLEY, JR.

LITTLE OF PATRICK'S EARLY LIFE IS KNOWN.
WHEN HE WAS 16 - -

BORN IN 389,
THE SON OF A
ROMAN MAGISTRATE,
PATRICK'S
REAL NAME WAS
SUCCATH.
HIS BIRTHPLACE
WAS PROBABLY
SCOTLAND.

THERE GOES
CALPHURNIUS' SON.
A SPIRITED LAD
HE IS!

HIS MOTHER
IS KIN TO MARTIN
OF TOURS.

I WANT YOU TO STAY
NEAR THE HOUSE.
BARBARIANS ARE
AGAIN RAIDING
OUR SHORES.

YES,
FATHER.

BUT THE NEXT DAY PATRICK WANDERED
NEAR THE WATER ...

... AND WAS CARRIED OFF INTO
A BOAT.

LANDED SOMEWHERE ON THE
IRISH COAST, PATRICK WAS SOLD
INTO SLAVERY.

THERE IS
A STRONG
BOY.

WAIT UNTIL HE
IS FARTHER FROM
THE HOUSE. HIS
FATHER MAY
HEAR US!

LET ME GO!
MY FATHER
IS A ROMAN
OFFICER.

YOU'LL NEVER
SEE HIM, OR
ANY OTHER
ROMAN OFFICER,
AGAIN.

HE'LL MAKE
A GOOD
SHEPHERD.

HE IS STRONG,
AND THAT IS
WHAT COUNTS.

PATRICK TENDED THE FLOCK'S
AND SERVED AS A SLAVE IN THE
HOUSEHOLD OF KING MILCHU.

IN THOSE DAYS, DRUIDISM
WAS THE RELIGION OF IRELAND.
MILCHU WAS A DRUID PRIEST.

LONESOME FOR HIS HOME AND
FAMILY, THE BOY PRAYED OFTEN.

YOU'LL CLEAN THIS PLACE
BY DAY AND TEND THE
SHEEP BY NIGHT.

OUR MASTER
CAN MAKE DARKNESS
COVER THE LAND, AND
HE CAN CAST
STRANGE SPELLS
OVER MEN.

WHAT
EVIL POWER!
IS THERE NO
GOOD IN
THIS LAND?

OH, LORD, THERE IS
NO PEACE HERE. YET,
THIS LAND COULD KNOW
PEACE AND HAPPINESS.

IN TIME, HOWEVER, PATRICK MADE FRIENDS WITH THE CHILDREN OF MILCHU.



"YOU MUST BE HUNGRY. WE'VE BROUGHT YOU SOME FOOD."

"WILL YOU TELL US MORE ABOUT YOUR HOMETLAND?"

TREASURE CHEST
PATRICK WOULD TELL THEM OF HIS HOME AND HIS CHURCH. THEY BECAME STAINCH FRIENDS.

"YOU MUST HAVE BEEN HAPPY THERE."

"NO ONE IS HAPPY HERE."



FOR SIX YEARS, PATRICK HAD PLOTTED HIS ESCAPE. ONE MORNING...



"IT'S A HEAVY FOG. IT COVERS THE HILL."

... HE DROVE THE SHEEP OUT OF SIGHT OF THE HOUSE.



"NOW FOR THE COAST AND HOME! OAH, GOD, BE WITH ME!"

NEXT DAY, MILES AWAY, HE WAS TIRED AND HUNGRY.



"YOU LOOK WEARY, BOY. COME HOME WITH ME."

THE STRANGER PROVED TO BE A FRIEND.



"WE'LL ASK NO QUESTIONS, BOY. YOU ARE WELCOME TO STAY. BUT YOU MAY GO WHEN YOU WISH."

"THANK YOU, SIR! I MUST GO NOW."

TRAVELING NIGHT AND DAY, PATRICK CROSSED IRELAND AND REACHED A SEAPORT. THERE HE BOARDED A SHIP FOR BRITAIN.



"SOME DAY, WHEN I HAVE SOMETHING TO OFFER IRELAND, I WILL RETURN."

HOME AGAIN, HE DECIDED TO ENTER THE MONASTERY OF HIS UNCLE, MARTIN OF TOURS.



"YOU WISH TO BECOME A PRIEST?"

"YES, YOUR EXCELLENCY. I HOPE SOME DAY TO BE A MISSIONARY."

ABOUT A YEAR LATER, MARTIN DIED. PATRICK CONTINUED HIS STUDIES UNDER ST. GERMANUS.



YOU ARE A GOOD STUDENT AND SOME DAY YOU WILL BE A SCHOLAR. PERHAPS YOU SHOULD STUDY IN ROME.

TREASURE CHEST

THEN HE TOLD ST. GERMANUS ABOUT IRELAND.



EVERY NIGHT DURING MY PRAYERS, I SEE THE FACES OF THOSE RISH CHILDREN. I HEAR THEIR VOICES CALLING OUT FOR THE TRUTH. I MUST RETURN TO THEM.

I WILL RECOMMEND YOUR REQUEST TO ROME.



I HAVE WORD FROM THE POPE. BISHOP PALLADIUS IS BEING SENT TO IRELAND ON A MISSION. YOU ARE TO ACCOMPANY HIM.

JUST BEFORE SETTING SAIL, PALLADIUS DIED. PATRICK WAS CONSECRATED A BISHOP AND GIVEN CHARGE OF THE MISSION. HE SET SAIL IN 432.



THE FOLLOWING YEAR, HE ATTEMPTED TO LAND AT WICKLOW HEAD.



KILL THEM IF THEY LAND!

WE'LL HAVE NONE OF THEIR KIND HERE.

SAILING NORTH, PATRICK LANDED AT THE MOUTH OF THE BOINE. THE PEOPLE WERE AMAZED TO HEAR PATRICK SPEAK GAELIC.



LO, WE SPEAK OUR TONGUE!

THE FIRST DAY HE CONVERTED SCORES. BUT PATRICK WAS THINKING OF MILCHU.



I AM GOING NORTH. SOON I SHALL RETURN HERE, FOR THE FAITH SHALL COVER ALL THIS GREEN LAND.

NEXT DAY, DILCHU, A NEARBY KING, THREATENED PATRICK.

PATRICK STEPPED FORWARD.



MOVE ANOTHER STEP THROUGH MY LAND, AND YOU WILL DIE!



MY ARM WILL NOT MOVE! HAVE MERCY ON ME, STRANGER!

THE LORD WHO PROTECTS ME WILL HAVE MERCY ON YOU.

THE NEWS OF PATRICK'S FIRST MIRACLE WENT BEFORE HIM TO THE THRONE OF MILCHU.

CRAZED WITH TERROR AND FEAR THAT PATRICK WOULD ROB HIM, MILCHU BURNED ALL HIS POSSESSIONS.



YOUR FORMER SLAVE BOY IS COMING BACK WITH GREATER POWERS THAN ANY DRUID.

AND DILCHU IS NOW HIS FOLLOWER.



WE WILL NEVER STEAL MY TREASURES!

AS PATRICK DREW NEAR, MILCHU FLUNG HIMSELF INTO THE FLAMES.

BUT MILCHU'S CHILDREN REMEMBERED PATRICK AND WERE CONVERTED.

PATRICK THEN WENT TO TARA, THE MEETING PLACE OF THE DRUIDS. IT WAS NEARING EASTER.



I DID NOT WANT HIS MONEY. I WAS HIS SLAVE AND I'VE BROUGHT MY RANSOM TO HIM.

HE WENT MAD WITH FEAR.

THEY SAY THE GIRL IS GOING TO FOUND A CONVENT HERE.

THE LAW OF THE CHURCH CALLS FOR PASCHAL FIRE ON HOLY SATURDAY--- AND THUS IT WILL BE.

YOU MUST NOT LIGHT ANY FIRES UNTIL SUNDAY. THAT IS A DRUID LAW.

SETTING UP AN ALTAR ON A HILL OPPOSITE TARA, PATRICK LIGHTED THE PASCHAL FIRE.

ALL NIGHT LONG THE DRUIDS TRIED WITH THEIR WITCHERY, TO KILL PATRICK. AT DAWN, PATRICK CELEBRATED EASTER MASS.



HE HAS BROKEN THE LAW!

THE DRUID WILL STRIKE HIM DEAD!



LOOK, THE FIRES STILL BURN!

AND THE STRANGER STILL LIVES. THE POWER OF THE DRUIDS FAILED!

THE SPELL OF THE DRUIDS BROKEN, THE KING OF ALL IRELAND CALLED PATRICK BEFORE HIM.



WHAT DO YOU WANT STRANGER?

ONLY TO BE FREE TO TEACH THE GOSPEL OF CHRIST.

THE KING LISTENED TO PATRICK.

PERHAPS THE SHAMROCK WILL TEACH YOU.



HOW CAN THERE BE THREE PERSONS IN ONE?

IMPRESSED, THE KING GAVE PATRICK THE FREEDOM OF IRELAND. WITHIN THIRTY YEARS ALL THE LAND WAS CONVERTED. IT IS A GLORIOUS CHAPTER IN THE MISSION HISTORY OF THE CHURCH.

WHAT MORE COULD OUR LORD DO FOR US?

ONE THING MORE. GRANT MY REQUEST I HAVE PRAYED THAT THESE PEOPLE WILL NEVER LOSE THEIR FAITH.



IRELAND, A MONUMENT TO THE ZEAL OF ST. PATRICK, HAS REMAINED CATHOLIC TO THIS DAY.

Sandy in Spangles

By DIXIE WILLSON

PART 5

SIXTEEN YEAR OLD SANDY MAGILL, EAGER FOR ADVENTURE, JOINED THE GREAT HALEY CIRCUS TO WORK IN THE TRAINED BEAR ACT OF HER FRIENDS, THE BROWNS. THE SHOW WAS JUST ABOUT TO OPEN FOR THE SEASON, WHEN SHE WAS TOLD THAT SHE WAS TO RIDE ROMEO, THE SHOW'S LARGEST ELEPHANT, IN THE GRAND ENTRY PARADE.

THE BOSS SAID YOU'RE TO TAKE A TURN AROUND THE BIG TOP ON ROMEO RIGHT NOW.

BUT HOW CAN I POSSIBLY GET UP THERE?



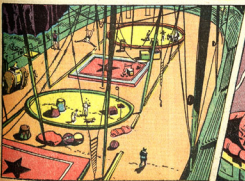
I NEVER THOUGHT I COULD DO IT, BUT I DID.

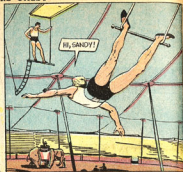
YOU'LL BE ALL RIGHT NOW. THE BIG TOP WILL BE EMPTY, EXCEPT FOR ACTS THAT ARE PRACTICING.

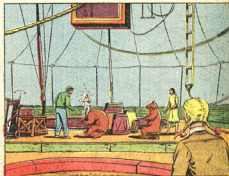


HOW ARE YOU DOING UP THERE?

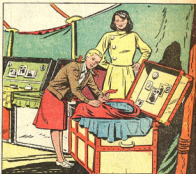
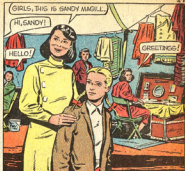
I LOVE IT!











SANDY IN SPANGLES! AND TOMORROW WOULD BE THE GREAT DAY!



CHUCK WHITE

PART
21

A CAR SOLD BY CHUCK IS INVOLVED IN A SERIOUS ACCIDENT. THE POLICE AND FBI HAVE BEGUN TO CLOSE IN ON THE STOLEN CAR RACKETEERS, OF WHOM CHUCK IS THE INNOCENT VICTIM.



IT OUGHT TO BE A SHARP GAME. ST. JOHN'S HASN'T LOST ALL SEASON.

LOOK AT THIS CROWD! ANYBODY SEE A PLACE TO PARK?

THERE'S ROOM, DAD! PLEASE HURRY UP. I WANT TO SEE THAT GAME!





HE SHOOTS ---AND MISSES!
UNION CITY TAKES OVER...



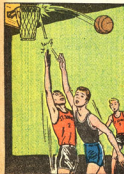
UNION CITY
TRIES A
SHOT
FROM
MID-COURT...



ONLY A THREE-POINT LEAD
IN THIRD QUARTER. DO YOU
THINK WE CAN HOLD IT?

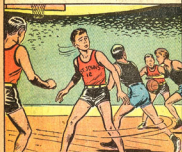
I DON'T KNOW,
AND I DON'T
LIKE THE WAY
AL LOOKS.

UNION CITY 18
ST. JOHN'S 21



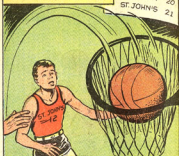


BUT COLVIN PLAYS TOO FAR FORWARD...
UNION CITY CUTS IN BEHIND HIM...



... AND SCORES EASILY!

UNION CITY 20
ST. JOHN'S 21



ST. JOHN'S
CAN'T WIN
NOW! WE'RE
SUNK WITHOUT
AL!

COME ON,
ST. JOHN'S!
COME ON!
YOU CAN
DO IT!



TWO MINUTES TO PLAY

UNION CITY 31
ST. JOHN'S 28

ST. JOHN'S,
TIME OUT!

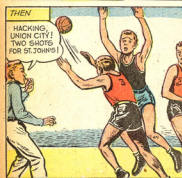


THEY'RE GUARDING US
TOO CLOSELY. WE'LL
NEVER GET THROUGH!



THEN

HACKING,
UNION CITY!
TWO SHOTS
FOR ST. JOHN'S!



FIRST SHOT, GOOD!
UNION CITY 31,
ST. JOHN'S 29.





THEY WERE REBUILT AT A SMALL GARAGE NEAR THE EDGE OF TOWN, CALLED THE ACME GARAGE, AND SOLD FROM THERE. THE GARAGE OWNER IS "BING" BOND.

DON'T KNOW HIM.

TWO OF THEM WERE SOLD BY CHUCK WHITE, ONE BY A BOY NAMED BILL RANKIN, AND THE OTHER BY CARL ADAMS.

I KNOW THEM, ALL RIGHT. RANKIN AND ADAMS WERE TWO OF THE GANG CHUCK GOT INTO TROUBLE WITH BEFORE. LOOKS AS IF HE'S BACK WITH THEM AGAIN.

IT'S BEGINNING TO NARROW DOWN, CHIEF. SHALL WE TAKE A LITTLE RIDE?

YES, BROPHY! DRIVE US, WILL YOU?

HERE WE ARE. KNOW ANYTHING ABOUT BOND?

NO. ONLY THAT HE DOESN'T SEEM TO HAVE MUCH BUSINESS.

AND YET, HE HAS SOLD FIVE REBUILT CARS IN THE LAST SIX WEEKS. AND MAYBE MORE THAT WE DON'T KNOW ABOUT. DOES ANYBODY WORK FOR HIM?

NOT THAT I KNOW OF.

LOOK THERE!

AFTER YOU, MR. RANKIN!

YOU FIRST, MR. MURDOCK! I INSIST!

RANKIN, MURDOCK, WHITE. BACK TO THEIR OLD TRICKS AGAIN! ONLY WORSE, THIS TIME.

WORSE, MUCH WORSE!

WHY DO BOYS HAVE TO GET MIXED UP IN A SERIOUS THING LIKE THIS? IF THEY ONLY REALIZED WHAT WILL -- WHAT MUST COME OF IT!

YES / AND I DID LIKE THAT CHUCK WHITE TOO!



NEXT DAY

HELLO, CHUCK! ... JOE!

HELLO, FATHER BURKE.



ALL SET FOR A BIG EASTER DINNER?

SURE, FATHER. JOE'S FAMILY AND MY FATHER ARE COMING OVER TO MRS. BLAKE'S. WE'LL HAVE LAMB AND ALL THE TRIMMINGS.



THE WORLD SEEMS A PRETTY GOOD PLACE TO YOU NOW, DOESN'T IT, CHUCK?

THAT'S RIGHT, FATHER.



YOU WERE FAITHFUL TO DAILY MASS AND HOLY COMMUNION DURING LENT, JOE. I WISH MORE OF THE BOYS HAD FOLLOWED YOUR FINE EXAMPLE.

THANK YOU, FATHER.



WELL, RUN ALONG AND ENJOY YOUR VACATION. WE'LL BE WAITING FOR YOU WHEN IT'S OVER.



I DIDN'T EXACTLY THINK ABOUT IT UNTIL FATHER BURKE MENTIONED IT, BUT THE WORLD IS A PRETTY FINE PLACE, ISN'T IT?



TO BE CONTINUED

The legend of the

SNAPDRAGONBY
MARGARET
FOLEY

TO THE VILLAGE
OF PENSMANIA,
WHERE PAUL LIVED,
CAME WORD THAT
A TERRIBLE DRAGON
WAS HEADING IN
THAT DIRECTION.

WE'LL EAT UP ALL OUR FOOD
AND CROPS, AS HE
DID IN OTHER VILLAGES.

WE'LL ALL
STARVE!

WHY DOESN'T SOMEONE
KILL THE DRAGON?

THE DRAGON'S HIDE IS SO
TOUGH THAT NOTHING HAS
BEEN ABLE TO PIERCE IT.

OVER THE
FIREPLACE IN
PAUL'S COTTAGE,
HUNG A SWORD
THAT HIS FATHER
HAD GIVEN HIM.
IF THE SWORD
WERE USED FOR
DOING A GOOD
DEED, IT WOULD
GIVE EXTRA
STRENGTH TO
ITS OWNER.

I WONDER IF I COULD
KILL THE DRAGON WITH
MY MAGIC SWORD.



PAUL DECIDED THAT
HE WOULD TRY TO
SLAY THE MONSTER.

BE CAREFUL,
PAUL.

WE WILL
PRAY FOR
YOU.

PAUL PASSED VILLAGES WRECKED BY
THE DRAGON.

CAN YOU TELL ME WHERE
I CAN FIND THE DRAGON?
I'M GOING TO TRY TO
KILL HIM.

HE LIVES IN A CAVE A
LITTLE FARTHER, ON.
BE CAREFUL, SON, AND
GOD BE WITH YOU!



PAUL FOUND THE CAVE. HE COULD HEAR THE ROAR OF THE DRAGON BREATHING WITHIN IT.

HOW SHALL I EVER GET HIM OUT OF THE CAVE TO KILL HIM?



JUST THEN, A LITTLE BIRD PERCHED ON PAUL'S SHOULDER.

I KNOW THAT YOU HAVE COME TO KILL THE DRAGON, AND I WANT TO HELP YOU.



THANK YOU, LITTLE BIRD, BUT I HAVE TO WAIT UNTIL HE COMES OUT OF THE CAVE.

I CAN GET HIM OUT.



YOU CAN?

YES, I SHALL SING. THE DRAGON HATES TO HEAR BIRDS SING AND HE COMES OUT AT ONCE TO TRY TO CATCH THEM.



HOW SHALL I KNOW WHEN HE'S COMING OUT, SO I MAY BE READY WITH MY SWORD?

WHEN I SEE HIM COMING, I'LL WARN YOU WITH A SNAPPING SOUND.

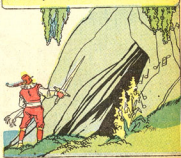


BUT I DON'T WANT THE DRAGON TO SEE YOU AND HURT YOU, LITTLE BIRD.

NEVER FEAR! I'LL BE WELL HIDDEN.



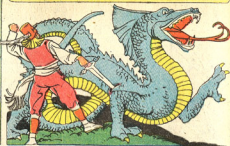
PAUL WAITED, WHILE THE BIRD SANG BEAUTIFULLY.



THEN, SUDDENLY, CAME THE WARNING! PAUL HELD THE MAGIC SWORD READY.

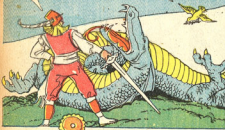


WHEN THE DRAGON CAME OUT, PAUL MADE A QUICK LUNGE. THE MAGIC SWORD CUT RIGHT THROUGH THE LEATHERY SKIN AND INTO THE DRAGON'S HEART.



YOU HELPED ME SAVE MANY LIVES, LITTLE BIRD. TELL ME, HOW DID YOU MAKE THAT SNAPPING SOUND?

WITH THIS FLOWER. WHEN I PULLED ITS PETAL DOWN WITH MY BILL, IT SNAPPED BACK.



AFTER THANKING THE BIRD, PAUL STARTED BACK TO PENSMAVIA.



EVERYONE WILL BE HAPPY TO KNOW THAT THE DRAGON IS DEAD. HOW SURPRISED THEY'LL BE WHEN I TELL THEM ABOUT THE BIRD AND THE FLOWER!

BUT WHEN PAUL REACHED PENSMAVIA, HE FOUND EVERYONE ALREADY REJOICING AND WELCOMING HIM HOME.

WE'VE HEARD THE GOOD NEWS, PAUL!

AND ALL ABOUT THE LITTLE BIRD AND THE SNAPPADAGON.



THE SNAPPADAGON?

YES, FROM NOW ON WE'LL CALL THAT SNAPPING FLOWER THE "SNAPPADAGON."



THAT'S THE SAME SNAPPADAGON YOU KNOW TODAY. IT REALLY SNAPS, TOO. TRY IT SOMETIME.



KNOW-it-all JOE



By George Glesper

THERE was not much really wrong with Joe Wilkinson. He was a fine looking boy, a better than average athlete, and he did well in his class work. In fact, were it not for one thing, Joe might have been the most popular boy in school. Joe was a know-all.

It is boring to listen to someone who knows everything—or thinks he does. The wiser a man gets, the more he realizes how little he does know. But not Joe. He was an authority on all subjects. Just to impress his friends, he rarely missed a chance to interrupt or contradict them.

That was why Joe was thrown off the football team. He was a good runner and a fine tackler. What's more, he could kick, and it was always good to have a man in the backfield who could kick the team out of a hole during a game. So Joe had gone in as left halfback. And for the first few games he had done very well.

As in everything else, Joe just would not stay as left halfback. Jack O'Toole, the quarterback,

who called all the plays, had good football sense. He always managed to pick the play which found the other team off balance. During one game, he called for Joe to kick. It was only third down, but the other team was not prepared for a kick, and it would have caught them napping. Joe went back into kick formation, but, instead of kicking, he decided to run with the ball.

This ruined the play. The other team rushed in throwing Jack for a five-yard loss. What was worse, he fumbled the ball, the other team recovered, and they went on to score a touch-down and win the game. Once more Joe did that, before Jack O'Toole asked him to leave the team.

"As long as I am Captain, I call the signals," said Jack. "We can't use a man, no matter how good he is, who won't play for the team."

"Oh, you just don't know a smart player when you see one," answered Joe. "I know more about football than all you fellows put together." But he left the team.

Another time, he was dismissed as an altar boy. It happened at Christmas. Father Kramer had selected the eighth grade boys to serve Midnight Mass. They had to rehearse, for they had never served Solemn Mass before. Father Kramer wanted the ceremonies at Midnight Mass to be flawless.

Joe was one of the boys selected. But he didn't attend rehearsal. That afternoon he stayed at home. His sister Joan, a seventh-grader at Holy Innocents School, knew that Joe should have been at rehearsal.

"Why, Joe, you're supposed to be at the rehearsal," she said when she came home and found him. "You had better hurry or you won't be permitted to serve Midnight Mass. And you know how much Mother and Dad want you to be in the sanctuary this Christmas."

"Rehearsals are for those 'goons' who don't know how to serve," said Joe as he laughed at her. "I know all about serving Mass. And don't

worry. I'll be on the altar all right."

Joe was right. He did serve Midnight Mass. He had told Sister Ruth that he could not come to rehearsal because of an errand. Sister believed him and permitted him to serve.

But Joe was conspicuous for his blunders in the sanctuary. He did not know when to stand or kneel. The other altar boys had to nudge him, or pull his cassock, to prevent his walking the wrong way. Father Kramer, knowing that Joe had not been at rehearsal, was irked. He felt that Joe was a distraction to the parishioners. And at Christmas, of all times!

To make matters worse, Sister Ruth discovered that Joe had lied about his errand. Joe was barred from the altar.

These things might have made him change his ways. Instead, he became worse. His know-it-all manner was more evident than ever in class, for Joe began to believe that, since he knew everything, he need not study. Little by little his marks went down. Not only was he losing his friends, but there were indications that he might not be promoted.

There is no way of knowing what might have happened to Joe, were it not for the Scout hike to the Alpine Woods. Joe had been a Scout for awhile, but he had not attended meetings regularly. And finally he was dropped from the troop roll.

Every Washington's Birthday, the Scouts hiked to the Alpine Woods. The troop went to seven o'clock Mass and then took a trolley to Westfield, right on the border of the Woods. Then followed a three-hour hike to the Doe Striker Cabin, the campsite, where they had lunch.

Joe liked to hike and he asked the Scout Master if he might go. At first, the Scout Master was going to say "no." But he had heard that Joe was getting into trouble and he thought that a day with the Scouts might help Joe. So, after the boy had promised to attend meetings in the future, the Scout Master let him join the hike.

Washington's Birthday was a cloudless day. The walk through the woods was difficult and, by noon, when the Scouts arrived at the cabin, they were a hungry and tired troop. They set up fires and cooked the food they had carried in their knapsacks. After having cleaned up,

they were all set for some fun in the woods.

The campsite was in a dense section of the Alpine Forest. But it was laid out so that, within a half-mile of the site, the trails were marked. This minimized the danger of getting lost. However, the boys had been forbidden to go beyond shouting distance of the camp. The woods were tricky, and darkness fell early during February.

The troop scattered. Some of the boys began to build a lean-to. Others tried their hand at building a dam. Jack O'Toole and his pals decided to build a big campfire. At night they would gather around, singing and telling stories. This was one of the finest features of the hike.

Joe asked John Bright to go for a walk. Soon they were in the midst of gray trees, out of sight of the camp. The voices of their fellow Scouts grew dim and dimmer, and finally were lost to the ear.

"We had better turn back," suggested John after awhile.

"Oh, don't worry. I know this place like a book," answered Joe, as they continued on deeper and deeper in the woods.

"Joe, I don't think you do know where you are going, and I'm going back," John said at last. Anxiously, they started back, returning the way they had come, they thought. But, after an hour's tramp, they were back again at the small clearing. They had been walking in a circle. Again and again they tried. Joe maintained a bold front, but, when the skies began to darken, John started to whimper. Every dozen steps or so, the boys stopped to listen, then whistled and shouted, and listened again. Their calls brought no response.

Brave Joe began to wilt. As night fell about them, the wind in the trees, the creaking of branches, the falling of pine needles, and the movement of small animals brought eerie sounds to the boys' ears. They were lost in the deep Alpine Forest—and Joe was just plain scared and made no bones about it. John was praying on his fingers in the dark, and his prayers were punctuated by sniffles.

"Don't be a cry baby," Joe said. "We'll get out of this somehow. We're not lost." But Joe's voice had lost its confidence.

"Not lost? Not much!" John retorted. "And

you're the cause of it all. If we ever get out of this, I'll know better than to rely on you." John's voice was bitter in the darkness.

"John, you're right. I am wrong," Joe admitted, surprised at himself. "But, if I ever get out of this, I'll never be a know-it-all again!" For the first time in his life, Joe was badly frightened.

Meanwhile, the Scout Master had organized search parties to find the missing Scouts. They had scoured the wooded hills, but the search had proved futile. Long after sundown, the searchers had returned to camp. Fear had settled on the entire group.

The Scout Master sent all, save three, of the boys back to their homes, and the three patrol leaders remained at camp. They telephoned to the State Police and reported the missing boys. Policemen with strong searchlights trudged over miles of forest, while, above, a police plane circled low over the entire area. But keen eyes and sharp ears could find no sign of the lost boys.

Early the next morning, the Scout leaders and the police resumed their search. It was

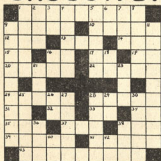
about ten o'clock when the boys, hungry, frightened, and numb with cold, heard the droning of a plane motor. Joe made his way to a clearing where, with his red handkerchief, he waved frantically at the plane.

The pilot caught Joe's signal. Dipping his wings, he flew back to report the boys' location. For two hours more, the boys waited, growing hungrier by the minute. Finally police and Scouts reached the spot. The boys were safe!

Joe had learned his lesson the hard way. After the rescue, he was true to his word. He realized that he and John might never have come out of the woods alive. Grateful to be back home and at school again, Joe determined to study hard. And, because he had conquered his know-it-all attitude, he lost no time in winning back his friends. To top it all, Sister Ruth recommended him as an altar boy.

This year, Joe is pitching on the Holy Innocents School team, with Jack O'Toole as catcher. When Jack gives the signal for a certain pitch, he knows it will come in as called. Joe has become a really smart boy. He has learned that nobody knows everything.

CROSSWORD PUZZLE



ACROSS

1. Site of Solomon's Temple
9. A tribe
10. Australian wattlebird
12. Suffix: "noting of"
13. Part of the mouth
14. Entire
15. Seafaring (abbr.)
16. Note of the musical scale
17. Faith
19. Electrical Engineer (abbr.)
20. Fit into a mortar (Acronym)
22. Symbol of the Christian religion

24. Reward for outstanding deed
28. Civilian clothes when worn by a military officer
31. Painter's measure
32. Objective pronoun
33. Proposition
34. Registered Nurse (abbr.)
35. Part of a pen
37. Through
38. Father hair
39. Sciter
41. Desert dwellers
42. Unworthy reception of Holy Eucharist

DOWN

1. The father of David
2. Point of the compass (abbr.)
3. Right (abbr.)
4. Prussian cavalryman
5. Meat jelly used to garnish meat or fish
6. Library of Congress (abbr.)
7. Period of history
8. Kind of slipper (plural)
9. 45 Books constitute the Old _____
11. Apostolic benedictions
16. Behold!
18. Senior (abbr.)
21. Movement of ascent
23. Removed from
25. Arabian rulers
26. Awaiting
27. Father Damien became _____
28. Concordance is the _____ sense of man.
29. Prefix: "not"
30. Group of primitive people
36. Cry of a sheep
38. Sway
40. District of Columbia (abbr.)
42. Prefix: "again"

ANSWER IN NEXT ISSUE

ANSWERS TO THE PUZZLE PAGES THAT APPEARED IN THE LAST ISSUE OF TREASURE CHEST

PANEL ONE PLAYTIME PAGE

1. PETER, PETER, PUMPKIN EATER
2. FOUR AND TWENTY BLACKBIRDS
3. DING DONG BELL
4. THREE BLIND MICE

PANEL TWO

2 3 9
8 1 5
7 4 6
1 3 0 0

PANEL THREE

TWO ELEPHANTS

CROSSWORD PUZZLE PAGE



The image shows the top-left corner of a magazine cover. The title 'TREASURE CHEST' is written in large, bold, green, blocky letters with a black outline, slanted upwards. Below the title, there is a small illustration of an open treasure chest with gold coins inside. To the right of the chest, there is a circular logo with the text 'OF FUN &' in white on an orange background.

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